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KIRKSTALL ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

## Original Communications.

### KIRKSTALL ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

HENRY DE LACEY, in 1147, built at Bertholmswick, in Craven, a convent of Cistercian Monks, from Fountain's Abbey. They struggled there with great inconveniences five or six years, but afterwards removed to a place in Airdale, called Kirkstall, procured for them by William of Poitou: here they settled, and built a fine abbey to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, in 1152.

Kirkstall Abbey is situated in a delightful valley, three miles from Leeds, at a small distance from the road leading to Bradford,

on the right, and close to the north bank of the river Aire. The ruins are first seen from the top of a hill commanding a general view of the vale and village of Kirkstall, at the bottom of which a road, formerly through a gateway, leads to the abbey. The gateway is now converted into a farmhouse; this opens on the west front, which consists of a noble Saxon door, and two elegant windows curiously ornamented, the top adorned with three handsome pinnacles. To the south, and adjoining, are various ruined apartments, of which the dormitory

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and some others yet remain covered. The inside of the church is plain, supported by massive columns with Saxon capitals, several broken by the falling of the great tower, the ruins of which choke up a large space. At the east end, as represented in our engraving, is a surprising high Gothic arch and pinnacles: the wall which supported the stanchells of this grand window are levelled with the ground.

The site and demesnes of Kirkstall Abbey were granted by Henry VIII., in 1540, to Archbishop Cranmer, and afterwards passed to the family of Savile, Earl of Sussex, by an heiress of that house, to the Brudenells, Earls of Cardigan, James, the present earl, being now the owner. In the year 1778, one of the pillars which supported the north side of the great tower was observed to have given way, and the Duke of Montague is said to have had an estimate made of what was necessary to preserve this beautiful structure from ruin; but the expense being great, this design was abandoned; and in the night of the 27th of January, 1779, the tower fell, and the south side only now remains, and that in so dangerous a state as to threaten the remaining parts with destruction.

W. A. D.

THE WAR AT AFFGHANISTAN;  
OR,  
THE REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES HALL,  
LATE QUARTER-MASTER SERGEANT OF  
THE FOURTH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

(Continued from p. 278.)

It was well known to all the merchants in Bengal and Bombay that the routes by which the different branches of the army were to proceed were entirely destitute of anything like European comforts, and great encouragement was consequently held out to any who chose to speculate by sending their goods by water upon the rear of the advancing columns. Many of those from Bombay were successful, reaping an immense profit, goods being sold at seventy per cent. above the price which could be obtained for them in the merchants' shops at Bombay. It was customary for all merchants' boats during the navigation of the Indus, to seek the shelter and protection of an European gun-boat every night, if possible; and if that shelter could not be procured, it was customary to assemble three or four of them together, and to fasten them to the banks for a watch for the night. A boat belonging to a Parsee of Bombay had arrived within a few miles of Larkham, and night coming on, the crew imagined that as they were near the European force, they had passed all dangers; and instead of proceeding to the protection of a gun-boat, foolishly

moored their boat to the bank, and after refreshment, lay down and quietly went to sleep, heedless of all danger. The consequence resulting from this imprudent conduct was, that during the night the boat was plundered of all its contents, and the whole of the crew murdered, it being an almost invariable rule here, that murder must follow robbery.

On the skirts of the town, inclosed by a thick grove of palms, stands a mosque, dedicated to Kiten Azim, a chief of former times, who, after a long life spent in despoiling the Philistines, erected this edifice, and retired to it to end his days in peace. He acquired considerable sanctity by the regularity of his devotions. This mosque is similar to those of Tatta, having a dome and staircases leading out at the top. Four priests reside here, and for a consideration they will enter into a long rambling history of the founder, whether true or not is between Mahomet and their consciences. However, the invariable becksheesh must follow. The encampment was visited by a youth, apparently sixteen, of florid countenance, blue eyes, and light hair. He was begging; and his own tale ran, that he was a Russian, and had been made prisoner by the Uzbecks in one of their chapows when very young; that he had been employed in tending the herds of his master, in which the chief part of his wealth consists; and that he had contrived to escape from him. He had managed to reach this place from the Hindoo Koosh, but was entirely ignorant of the road leading to his own country, as he was travelling directly from it. He was relieved, as well as circumstances permitted, in clothes, money, and food, and took his departure. It is probable, however, that if he had found his way back to his own country, he would have been taken again by the Uzbecks, or some other tribe, of whom there are always plenty on the look-out for whom they can seize.

After leaving Larkham, a few days' journey brought the army to a small village on the margin of the desert which divides Scinde from Beeloochistan, and which, taken at its narrowest part, is about forty-six miles. Neither tree nor shrub grows upon this arid, sandy waste; and nothing but the most dazzling whiteness surrounded us. Its monotony and tiring qualities were truly distressing. At the small village, which was occupied in the morning, the inhabitants were supplied with water drawn from two earthen wells, but so small was the quantity contained in them, that a quarter of an hour's busy application effectually emptied them. After a lapse of twelve hours, there was again a little dampness at their bottom. At these two wells, then, it was necessary the men and beasts of burden should be watered. The march across the desert,

which was ordered to commence at five in the afternoon, made every one anxious to secure a drop of water; and as the wells would be refilled by three o'clock, preparations were made by each individual for procuring some. At three o'clock, therefore, the rush was made, and after a good half hour's scrambling in the liquid mud, with varied success, the men prepared themselves for their journey. About half past five in the evening, we started, and the darkness coming on before we reached the desert, many of the men had nearly lost themselves. The infantry marched about three in the afternoon, and the cavalry overtook them at two in the following morning. At that time the men were halted, and many of them so overcome, that they were lying down, and could not well rise from the ground. It must be borne in mind, that the allowance for one day's provision per man had been, for some months previous, and was so then, only half a pound of flour, frequently unsifted, or half a pound of red rice, frequently in the husks, no spirits or biscuit. This flour, or rice, had sometimes to be thrown away, as firing was not always to be procured. Upon the order being given to resume the march, many of them declared their inability to do so, but as it was imperatively necessary that it should be completed, those who were able proceeded forward. The army arrived in camp about half-past six on the morning of the 17th March, 1839; and those stragglers who had been so fortunate as to escape the swords of the Beeloochees, and the horrors of the desert, were joining all day. About eleven in the forenoon, information was received in camp, that the baggage had been attacked by armed bands of Beeloochees while crossing, and that a number of the followers had been murdered, and the beasts they were guarding had been pillaged. A party was immediately despatched for the purpose of reinforcing the baggage guard. On arriving at the scene of the late conflict, a number of the enemy were found dead upon the ground, but their companions had succeeded in making some prisoners, and decamping with them, as well as with a few camels laden with cooking utensils. The party proceeded in the direction the enemy had taken, and after half an hour's riding, came in sight of them. Finding they could not escape with their prisoners, they bound them by the hands with one end of the heelropes, and fastened the other to the saddle, proceeded forward at a quick pace. The poor prisoners, chiefly Portuguese cooks, not being able to keep pace with the horses, were dashed to the ground, and in this manner dragged along. The party in pursuit evidently drew nearer; when suddenly

halting their horses, each Beeloochee dismounted, and rapidly passing his sword through the bowels of his prisoner, chopped his rope from his hands, and mounted. When the British party arrived at this place of murder, their horses were so blown that they were unable to proceed; and after securing the camels that had been abandoned, they returned into camp. Small parties of followers, that could not keep up with the remainder, continued to come into camp during the day, many of them bearing marks of skilful sword practice of the Beeloochee while at full speed. Two men of the fourth dragoons, named Gafferey and Dixon, were attacked while on baggage guard by six Beeloochees, but they succeeded in cutting two of them down. Their companions fled, and the men came into camp victorious, one of them being wounded in the right hand.

THE CLAIMS OF THE CHRISTIAN ABORIGINALS OF THE TURKISH OR OSMANLI EMPIRE UPON CIVILIZED NATIONS.

*By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.*

(Continued from p. 276.)

THE Christian population of most of the towns and cities, and of all the villages, in Osmanli Asia, have as yet never enjoyed the advantage of a liberal education founded on the truths of the gospel. The native Greek and Armenian schools confine themselves to reading, writing, and a little arithmetic. They read from the New Testament, but the meaning and sense of the subject is seldom explained; and scholars, like the priests themselves, mumble through the holy writ without waiting to understand, or caring if they are understood by others. This evil is akin to that most faulty part of the system of Romanism, which gives the Bible to be read in a dead language, or which chants and reads prayers in the same, and also in a manner quite incomprehensible to the congregation. This irreverent slurring over of God's word is not only common to the Roman catholic, Armenians, Chaldeans, or Syrians, but also to the Armenians, strictly speaking, but called schismatic Armenians by the Roman catholics; to the Chaldeans, strictly speaking, called Nestorians by the Roman catholics; and to the Syrians, strictly speaking, called Jacobites by the Roman catholics.

It was the policy of the popish church, on taking these ancient churches from the sway of their own antique and revered apostolic succession—the successors of Nestorius and St. Gregory, of men who had fought under the banners of Christianity at Jerusalem and Antioch, at Artaxata and

Anni, who were born in the land of Christ and his apostles, and who were themselves among the fathers of the church—to enhance the value of the conquest, and to heighten the pride of a bishop of the western church, by the pretended submission of the whole eastern church to his self-assumed authority. Hence, then, ancient denominations of these almost prostrate Christian nations were attached to the seceders to the Roman church, while only a bye name and a false title was left to the followers of the church sanctified by age and an unsullied doctrine. It would be a scandal to intelligence to ask who is most entitled to the name of Chaldean, Armenian, or Syrian? the followers of the ancient or of the new faith? No protestant could hesitate for a moment in his answer, yet travellers continue to perpetuate in their works the calumnious epithets propagated by Jesuitical vanity. Happy it is that the churches in question possess yet their bishops, firm in the faith of their ancestors, and glorying in their own uncontaminated apostolic succession. At the period when such vast defections took place in the churches of the east, the Anglican church, which has now taken the lead in the work of missions, was then unknown to these most interesting and remarkable nations. In seceding from the faith of their ancestors, these poor people were taught that they were adopting that of the whole European church;\* and now that they are beginning to know better, it remains to be seen if a pious and philanthropic people will not grant them that protection and that assistance which their forlorn and persecuted condition so well entitles them to.

Nothing appears more certain than that the trial has been given to the Romish church in the great labour of conversion, and that it has been found wanting. It was not apparently within the cycle of events preordained and predestined by God's providence, that a church influenced by an ambitious spirit of aggrandizement, persecuting and corrupted, should be the instrument of the great religious revolution yet to be effected; and it remains still to be seen if it is reserved for a church which professes to hold the truth in freedom and purity.

The language usually held upon this subject is somewhat as follows. Nations have been training up and disciplining for God's purposes; and protestant England, in which a greater spirit of liberty and knowledge prevailed than anywhere else, was the first

sanctuary of this progressive improvement. The principles newly revealed at the reformation were clothed with power of language, and dwell richly in the English mind. The whole compass of divine truth was investigated by English theologians; men of the profoundest learning and the deepest piety at once combined their powers upon it. A body of speculative and practical theology grew up in the seventeenth century, such as could not be surpassed; and for the accumulation and circulation of all this wisdom, and for carrying out the great purposes connected with the Reformation, the providence of God revealed to the world the art of printing.

A great source of power, and a striking indication of providence, is the widely-spread prevalence of the English language. The students in the missionary seminary at Basle call the English language the missionary language. The British empire, with dependencies, now comprises 4,500,000 square miles. The Roman empire, at the summit of its glory, is estimated by Gibbon to have extended over 1,600,000 square miles; add to this, that the language of that great protestant nation, the United States of America, is also the English.

The invention of steam engines, and the perfection of steam navigation, have gone far towards diminishing distance; and may be considered as providing new facilities to carry labourers and materials all over the world. If the first steamer that entered into the Mediterranean sea was the prophet of a great revelation, how much more so was that which first turned its noisy paddles on the broad and silent current of the river Euphrates—moving like a vision of future glory through the very heart of the land of biblical history, and of divine revelation? \* Dispensations, of which the meaning cannot be seen at the present moment, occurred to the first enterprise of this kind; but, through Divine Providence, the navigation of the river has been continued, and there are now four boats ready to carry civilization, and be the messengers of peace and joy in those antique countries. And it is a remarkable thing in connexion with the progress of a wise dispensation, that almost, if not all the officers connected with that enterprise, are of a pious turn of mind; and are anxious and ready to assist in forwarding the great work of the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ.

Throughout the whole extent of what was once Rome's empire—the facilities of communication are, in the present day, greater than they were in the proudest state of Roman dominion.

\* A remarkable proof of this presented itself to the Chaldean mission, on which occasion many priests were met with who were quite ignorant of there being nations, still less powerful and great nations, in the west, who owned no allegiance to papal power and authority.

\* The Chaldean expedition, it is to be remarked, sprang as a first result from that to the Euphrates.

The power of the Koran is diminishing; and a breach is made in the influence of the false prophet, by every step taken by the sultan to assimilate his people to the manners of the occidental world. The obstacles that prevent the access of divine truth to their hearts, and its power over their consciences, are gradually removing. In all political movements in the east, whether of peace or war, God's purposes are working—there are great signs in the complication of Oriental with European politics, and in the advance of the spirit of toleration, just at the time when so many interior changes in manners and feelings, preparatory to the reception of the gospel in the established supremacy of Christian nations, are going on.

The struggle in the Oriental world, it is acknowledged on all hands, must be one of intense interest, were it only for the remarkable fact, that the Osmanli empire comprehends nearly the whole scene of the transactions recorded in the Scriptures. How different the feeling and the manner in which these scenes, the monuments and proofs of God's wrath, are approached, with the strong hopes founded in the same God's assurances of mercy, to what they were in the times when the armed bands of Christians came by force to fulfil the predictions of the Deity!

Those who, in the present day, are united in the glorious labour of preparing the way for the Lord, no longer appeal to arms; nor do they strive with one another in the romantic enterprise of preaching the cross to all nations. They rest humbly satisfied with teaching—pouring out the Spirit of God in schools for the young, when most susceptible of imbibing the truths of the gospel, and best calculated to assist afterwards in their dissemination; while others, profiting by the advance made in biblical literature, the increase of light thrown upon the Scriptures, the revived study of the primitive fathers, and with the depth and richness of the now-existing mines of theological wealth that have grown up out of the Reformation, are labouring towards establishing inter-communion between the oldest and the most recent churches of Christendom.

Such, then, are the prospects presented to protestant nations, of a new futurity being about to unfold itself to the east. It is not our object here to enumerate the means which are at this moment employed in this good work by the great protestant nations. Such a picture would be a painful one. America has, however, hitherto been far in advance of Great Britain. This young and energetic country seems to anticipate that this great task will still remain with it to fulfil. Its institution at Athens counts upwards of 600 pupils—teachers go abroad

from it—and new branch establishments are yearly formed. The good done is inestimable. The mission at Urinieyah, among the Chaldeans of Persia, is one of the most perfect and efficient in the east. Missionaries from the American episcopalian are toiling; and congregational churches are laboriously and steadily, at Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirut, Trebizond, Erzurum, Tabriz, and other places. Teachers are also gone to Musul, and among the Chaldeans, from the American congregational church; and a mission, which cannot but be productive of high advantage, is about to be established among the Syrians of Mesopotamia.

England, within a very short time back, has, however, begun to make a still more portentous appearance. The appointment of bishops to the Mediterranean and to Palestine holds out the most extraordinary promises. The mission to the Chaldeans of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has been followed by the sending out of an able and accomplished member of the church to those most worthy people. A protestant church is building in Jerusalem; the condition of the Syrian Christians is daily awakening more and more interest and attention. It is to be hoped it will be the same with the neglected but honest Chaldeans. The influence towards a better state of things is beginning to shew itself in government appointments—as, for example, in the character of the persons appointed to the vice-consulates of Jerusalem and Mosul; and it is to be hoped, and earnestly prayed for, that the present very opportune moment of effecting so much towards the regeneration of Oriental Christianity, by the means proposed—by protecting, teaching, and elevating the character of the people—will not, through the goodness of Divine Providence, be lost to so favoured a country.

(End of Part the Third.)

### THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE story which we are about to relate happened last February, and is well known to those who then resided at Lille. It is a drama natural and simple—a true story, without exaggeration or extenuation—in which two children, the one eleven, the other twelve, are the heroes. Alas for the times in which we live! men are degraded, uncharitable, and unfeeling. It is in the lives of children we occasionally see examples of courage, virtue, and devotedness.

Of all seasons, the most distressing to the poor is winter; fresh privations are ever arising as the green foliage is replaced by flakes of snow—as the hard

frost penetrates and reigns around. To the rich, this time of the year has its *fêtes* and pleasures. For them there is good clothing, thick carpets, large hearths, blazing fires, and abundance of other comforts, which create almost a perpetual spring. In the midst of company, mixing in the dance at concerts and parties, they defy cold and the severities of winter—nevertheless, the cold blasts of December have their prey. The poor tremble and shake in their scanty clothing—the east wind penetrates their miserable habitations—whilst their fireside is scarcely heated by the bit of smoky and blackened wood.

Pierre Durand, an honest mason of Lille, was esteemed by all who knew him for his laborious habits, probity, and good conduct. He was left a widower, with two young children—the eldest, James, being only twelve, and Louisa not eleven. When deprived of his wife, Durand's house was still kept in order and neatness. James used to accompany his father, and Louisa remained in-doors, busily employed in the household affairs. For some time, the good mason was happy and contented—for he had sufficient for his own wants and for those of his children. But a change took place. Winter came with its terrible cold and severity, which stopped the employment of the poor mason, and with that disappeared the means of procuring daily bread. Durand was forced to sell, piece by piece, the little he possessed; and whilst he had a coat to sell, or any furniture to dispose of, his children suffered neither hunger nor cold. The room, however, soon became empty, also the cupboard. The cold was very severe, and the children were perishing with hunger. One thing remained. The brave father hesitated not, but took off part of his clothes, covered his children, and fasted, in order to give them bread. But he was not able to remain long thus: exhausted by privations of all kinds, wasted by grief, tortured by cold and hunger, Durand became ill. The poor children wrestled with courage and self-denial, and endeavoured to hide their tears in smiles, as they spoke of hope to their father. James and Louisa thought then of the means by which they could procure food to enable them to relieve their father, who, without sustenance, would inevitably die. Every evening, when their father slept, they left his bedside, near which they always watched, and went gently to the street-door, closed it cautiously after them, and quickly ran towards a quarter of the town where they were entirely unknown. They then placed themselves under a window which they saw brilliantly lighted, and where a number of persons had assembled for pleasure, and began to sing—their little voices shaking

with cold—one of those songs which, in happier times, they had learnt from their mother. Sometimes a window was rudely opened, and a piece of money fell at the feet of the children, who eagerly picked it up with tears of joy; but often they passed long hours without getting anything; then they returned mournfully to their father, for they knew they were not able to give him anything, their only thoughts being on him. All, at length, seemed to abandon them, and to conspire against them. Their father was recovering, but they had no bread to give him, nor had they the means of procuring a warm drink. James, in despair, went and sang before all the coffee-houses and public places, but all was in vain, he only met with epithets and menacing words and gestures, which caused him to return in tears to his sister, who had remained in silence by her father's bedside.

Twice had James and Louisa returned without anything, and the third evening, on leaving the house, James declared he would not return without something to relieve his dear father. But, alas! this evening passed as the two preceding ones. Repulsed by all, irritated, wounded to the heart by man's hard-heartedness, James took a resolution, for which only extreme poverty could plead an excuse.

"See," said he to his sister—"see the abundance of bread in that shop! The owner refused me a morsel, the parting with which could little injure him, and would have been the means of preventing our father from starvation—I will have some!"

"But it would be stealing!" said Louisa, turning pale.

"That is true," replied James; "it is a dreadful crime; but then we must not see our poor father die,—him whom we love so much—who was always so kind to us."

"No, no, they will put you in prison!" Louisa said, trembling.

"So much the better; there will be one less to support, and then I can tell everybody that my father is dying with hunger, and they will come to succour him. Perhaps I shall soon have a little money, and then I will pay for the bread. But they must not take both of us; it would cause our father to grieve too much if he lost both. Listen to what I am going to say, Louisa. I will contrive to secure one of those loaves; you must take it from me, then fly home. I will immediately make a noise, confess that I am the thief, and will be arrested, but you will be out of danger."

Poor Louisa cried bitterly at hearing James speak thus. "It would be better," she said, "if I were arrested; you will be more useful to father."



"No," said James, "you could not speak to the gendarmes, and they, perhaps, might hurt you. Go; do not cry, my good little sister—kiss me, it will give me courage; I require it, for I know I am not doing right. When father hears what I have done, I am sure he will be much grieved. But I cannot see him starve, no! no!"

There was a broken pane of glass in the window, and James succeeded in extracting a loaf, which he gave to his sister, who fled, according to directions. A noise which James made attracted the attention of the people inside, who, perceiving that they had been robbed, cried out—"Catch the thief!" James, who had made a semblance of running away, was soon secured, but when poor Louisa observed her brother going to prison, she ran to the baker's shop, and throwing the loaf on the counter, declared herself the thief, and that they had unjustly arrested her innocent brother. It was a scene at once lamentable, yet worthy of admiration, to see those two poor children disputing who was the thief: the spectators of this touching scene were moved to pity these little creatures, and when the magistrate, who had been informed of the occurrence arrived, the accusers of James and his sister had become their friends. The worthy magistrate, besides restoring them to liberty, raised a subscription, which was immediately carried to the brave Durand, who was thus saved from the horrors and misery of starvation. This act of devotedness was soon known throughout the town, and all vied with each other in benefiting these heroic children, and helping their father. Durand soon afterwards recovered, procured work, and is now enjoying, surrounded by his loving son and daughter, that happiness due to the industrious, which was the result of filial affection.

M. C. K.

### Literature.

#### *The Medical Times.*

THE part now before us of this useful periodical is replete with articles embracing useful, scientific subjects, all of which are superior in their way. The first is a lecture on the "Theory and Practice of Medicine," by C. J. B. Williams, M.D., wherein the learned lecturer treats his subject—"The Determination of Blood; or, Active Hyperæmia"—in a clear and intelligible manner, assigning reasons for the flow of blood from the nose, mouth, intestinal mucous membrane, and from the kidneys. It is cleverly written, and contains much information. The second lec-

ture is on "Chemistry," by John Scoffern, M.D., in which he treats scientifically

### THE PHENOMENA OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

"The phenomena of thunder and lightning afford the most prominent examples of its exercise, and the aurora borealis and falling stars, together with water spouts, are almost proved to depend upon the same agent. The first questions presenting themselves, in an investigation of these phenomena, are, whence comes the electricity to which such vast effects are attributable? What are its sources?—how developed?"

"The answer to this question will not be difficult. It is true that we have hitherto seen,—friction,—as the only excitant of electrical action, but there also exist other means almost equally efficacious, so far as regards their principle, although the application of that principle may be more difficult. It will be hereafter seen, as we proceed with our studies, that the operations termed *chemical* are one fertile source of electrical excitation; indeed, they are taken advantage of as such, and extensively applied. Now, in the grand laboratory of Nature, innumerable chemical changes are continually taking place on a scale of the grandest possible magnitude. One of the most important is evaporation, and to this source, I imagine, must we attribute, almost exclusively, that electrical excitation which yields the phenomena of thunder and lightning. In order to prove that the operation of evaporating a fluid may develop electrical excitement, I take a little metallic vessel, containing some water; this I place upon the conducting plate of an electrometer, and throw into it a piece of burning coal. Evaporation of the water immediately results, and the gold leaves diverge. When we consider the enormous amount of fluid continually evaporating, the immense surface of material thus produced in the state of cloud, and capable of receiving electrical excitement, we need not wonder at the terrific grandeur of the results. The discovery that the phenomena of thunder and lightning depended upon electricity was made by the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, at Philadelphia, in the year 1792. Other persons, however, had imagined the same thing. Mr. Grey and Dr. Wall, at an early period of electrical science, suggested the analogy between a flash of lightning and an electric spark. Subsequently, the Abbé Nollet hinted more precisely at the same thing. Indeed, after reading his speculations on the subject, it appears extraordinary that he did not put them to the test of experiment. 'If any one,' he remarks, 'should take upon him to prove, from a well connected comparison of phenomena

that thunder is in the hands of Nature what electricity is in ours—that the wonders we exhibit at pleasure are small imitations of those great effects which alarm us, and that the whole depends upon the same kind of mechanism; should it be shewn that a cloud, formed by the action of winds, by heats, or by a mixture of various exhalations, is, when opposite to a terrestrial object, as an electrified body, when at a certain distance from one that is not electrified, I confess such an idea, if well supported, would afford me infinite pleasure; and that it may be supported by many plausible arguments is obvious to any one well versed in the history of electrical phenomena. The universality of the electric matter, the rapidity of its action, its heat, and its activity in inflaming other bodies; its property in striking them externally and internally, even to their smallest parts; the remarkable instances we have of this effect in the Leyden experiment; the notion which may be legitimately adopted of the effects that might be supposed to arise from a much greater accumulation of electric power;—these and many other points of analogy, which I have for some time meditated upon, almost induced me to believe, that in taking electricity as a foundation one might form much more perfect and plausible hypotheses respecting the origin of thunder and lightning than any which have hitherto been suggested.\* This long quotation will prove to you the views entertained by the Abbé Nollet relative to this subject. They are extraordinarily accurate, considering them to have arisen from mere speculation, apart from all experiments. The celebrated American politician and philosopher, Franklin, was led to form the same opinions, which he determined subjecting to the test of experiment. In order to carry out his views, he awaited the erection of a tall spire in Philadelphia; but, at length, the beautifully simple expedient occurred to him, of attaching a fragment of pointed metal to a boy's kite, flying it aloft, and thus forming a lightning conductor, of indefinite height. Having prepared his apparatus, he awaited the next thunder storm to test its efficacy; but doubtful of success, and fearing the ridicule which would attach to him in case of failure, he communicated the project to his son alone. Two or three clouds passed over his kite without yielding any manifestations of electricity, and the philosopher began to despair of success, when directing his eye towards the cord, he saw its fibres project in all directions (a proof of electrical excitement); and on placing his knuckle to a key previously attached to the cord, he drew from it a spark. The experiment was soon verified in France and other places. M. de Romas repeated it

on a very large scale: having constructed a kite seven feet high and three wide, he raised it to the height of 500 feet, by a string, through which was passed a very fine wire. From this wire were obtained streams of light, an inch in diameter, and ten feet long. Considering how frequently Nature's large magazine of electricity was ransacked by those who repeated Franklin's experiments, it is wonderful that they escaped for the most part with such impunity. Professor Richman, of St. Petersburg, however, was struck dead by a flash of natural electricity, proceeding from an iron bar, which he had erected for the purpose of experiment.

"Franklin, and those who immediately followed him, spoke of metallic rods *attracting* electricity, and suggested that buildings should be protected against the ill effects of lightning by supplying them with metallic rods, projecting at one extremity far above them, and sinking at the other deep into the ground. The theory of lightning being attracted by such contrivances is altogether fallacious. It is no more attracted than water can be said to be attracted by the bed of a ravine; yet the efficacy of such lightning-conductors, in opening a way for electrical excitation, is not the less certain. Care should be taken that they remain well pointed; and as iron, when exposed to air and moisture, rapidly oxydizes, thus destroying the point, it is advisable to form the very extremity of the rod of either gold or platinum. The lower end should be buried some feet in the ground, or, if possible, should be made to communicate with a collection of water. We find that a very small metallic wire may be burned by passing through it a strong electrical current; and not unfrequently do we hear of bell-wires being fused, and burned by lightning. These facts admonish us to form lightning-conductors of a sufficient diameter to permit their giving passage to enormous charges of electricity with facility. The conductor ought not to possess a diameter of less than half an inch. On the land, where objects projecting aloft are so numerous, the atmospheric electricity is placed under circumstances of much more easy dispersion than at sea; and hence it is that ships, when in the vicinity of a thunder-cloud, are in such imminent danger. The peculiarities of the masts of a ship, and the necessity for raising and lowering them to different elevations, render it a matter of some little difficulty to supply them with fixed lightning-conductors. Hence, until lately, the plan was universal (when marine lightning-conductors were used at all) to have them in the form of a chain, and elevate them during a storm. Nothing could be more inefficient, or more dangerous, than



this—inefficient, because they could not be always elevated as soon as required, (and even then, a chain is inferior to a bar,) dangerous, because the lightning would frequently kill those who were employed to fix them. Lately, however, Mr. Snow Harris, of Plymouth, has invented a continuous lightning-conductor for ships, fastened permanently to the mast, and by a peculiar contrivance, so that the mast may be elevated or lowered at pleasure, without obstructing the communication in the least degree.

"In order to avoid an injury by lightning, the best plan is to lie prostrate on the ground. To remain under a tree, or in contact with a high building, is not safe; but the vicinity of such elevated objects may be selected with propriety. It is, moreover, exceedingly unsafe to stand in the neighbourhood of large collections of water; but the person who would submit to being enveloped by water (respiration being provided for) might consider himself beyond all danger from lightning. The reason for all this is perfectly obvious. In a house, the best preservative means would be, to envelop oneself in badly-conducting materials, such as blankets, carpets, and the like. We have no term expressive of the exceedingly minute duration of light from the electric discharge. To speak of it as instantaneous is almost an absurdity, seeing that an instant is, in comparison, a little age. This peculiarity of electrical light develops some curious phenomena in connexion with bodies rapidly moving. You are all aware that a transverse bar may be caused to revolve so rapidly that it shall appear like a circle at rest: this may be exemplified very easily, by the fly-regulator of a musical snuff-box. This appearance is yielded, owing to a series of different positions which the bar assumes coming under our eye at different periods of time, and is necessarily connected with a duration of the luminous rays, which render it visible for an appreciable length of time. If the light be reduced to a period inconceivably brief, then theory indicates that the bar should seem at rest, which is precisely the case when viewed by the electric flash. Again: it is well that the primitive colours of the prismatic spectrum, if brought rapidly in succession under the eye, will convey the impression of white. If, however, a flash of lightning be the source of illumination, each colour will be distinctly seen, and perfectly at rest!

"The rapidity with which electricity traverses good conductors is so enormous, that the mind is totally incompetent to invest it with a corresponding idea. Early experimenters failed to detect any sensible period of transmission, and almost went the length of supposing a motion to occur apart from

time. Professor Wheatstone, however, has shewn, by a very ingenious contrivance, that through copper-wire electricity passes at the rate of 576,000 miles a second, provided we recognise the existence of only one fluid, or direction of progression; and at half that rate, or 288,000 miles per second, provided there exist two fluids, or directions of progression. The mind vainly tries to shape even this lesser velocity into a corresponding idea.

"I regret not being able to convey such a clear notion as I would desire, of the means to which Professor Wheatstone had recourse to make this beautiful demonstration. Perhaps, however, I may succeed in conveying to you some slight idea. He wound a great quantity of copper wire around a wooden frame, and made breaks or interruptions in the wire at certain intervals. Now consider these relations, and the result of passing an electric discharge along the wire. It is evident that at every break there would be a spark, and as the breaks are successive, so, theoretically, the sparks ought to be successive. Wheatstone demonstrated such to be the case. On an axis, which might be rapidly revolved, and parallel to it, he fixed a plane mirror, in such a position that it should be capable of reflecting the electric sparks just mentioned. Such a mirror, when at rest, would of course reflect the sparks just as they might appear to the eyes; but when put into rapid motion, the sparks, if not occurring *exactly* at the same time, would be caught by the whirling mirror in the order of their development, and thrown on the opposed screen, in a spectrum more or less elongated according to the rapidity of their succession. This was actually discovered to result, and the length of the spectrum, together with the velocity of the mirror, being known, data were supplied for calculating the rate of electrical transmission! In the philosophical transactions for 1834, p. 509, these beautiful experiments of Professor Wheatstone are given in detail, together with accompanying and illustrative diagrams."

The articles, "Recollections of Parisian Hospitals," "New Experiments on the Effects of Water-Drinking on the Blood of Man and the Brute Creation," "Curability of Consumption," and "Medical Misgovernment in its relation to Morality," merit public attention. Altogether, this part sustains the good name of "The Medical Times."

*Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository,*  
for 1843.

THIS is an attractive little work, and every way calculated to suit the end for which it is intended—a pocket companion to the

fair sex. It is embellished with four artistically finished engravings; the first of which is a "View on the Orwell," taken from a spot near Bourne Bridge; the three others are Walton Manor House; Crow Hall, Stutton; and Dunwich Priory. The poetical contributions are of a superior order, and the enigmas and charades are praiseworthy. We extract the opening lines by Miss Agnes Strickland, entitled,

THE PARTING BETWEEN LOUIS XVI.  
AND HIS FAMILY.

"They met within a prison's drear recess,  
The death-doom'd monarch, and that much-lov'd  
train,

To whom his soul in its deep tenderness  
Clave in that hour of agony in vain;  
They were in sooth the links of that strong chain  
Which bound him to a world that was to him  
A gloomy labyrinth of care and pain;  
Where misery's cup was flowing to the brim,  
And every hope o'erclouded, dark, and dim.

"They met—those lately parted ones! and eyes,  
That thought to read each other's looks no more,  
In eloquent but speechless ecstasies  
Exchanged such greetings as they ne'er before  
Were taught to glance, for they were running o'er  
With drops from mingled fountains fast descend-  
ing.

Drops wrung by Nature's anguish, to deplore  
Her fondest ties in that dread moment rending,  
With tears allied to joy most strangely blending—

"Joy that this last sad meeting was allow'd;  
Nor seem'd its gush of rapture dearly bought,  
E'en at the price of pangs that only bow'd  
The high resolve of those who nobly sought  
To hide the woe with which their hearts were  
fraught—

Ah! woe too stern—too mighty for concealing!  
Who shall express its depth, or paint the thought,  
The fearful thought, o'er every bosom stealing  
In that wild chaos of contending feeling?

"That while fond arms were linking in the fold  
Of that long, long embrace, which ne'er had  
been

So dearly prized as then, with shudders cold,  
Was imaging the morrow's bloody scene,  
And whispering how few hours would intervene  
Ere its dire tragedy would be complete;  
And he, whose tender love had render'd e'en  
The dreary sojourn of a prison sweet,  
Guiltless, a murderous doom of guilt must meet.

"And is it thus such ties are torn apart?

Ah! death-bed partings, what are ye to this?  
When in the flush of life, a breaking heart,  
That deem'd long years of sweet connubial bliss,  
And fond paternal joy, might yet be his,  
Feels that the silver cord is rent in twain  
By ruthless man, and presses his last kiss,  
While mortal anguish thrills each throbbing vein,  
On lips he never more must press again!

"How gazed the husband on that wife beloved,  
Whose faith, like gold refined, more brightly  
shone

When by adversity's stern uses proved,  
Than midst the pomp and glitter of a throne,  
Where faults were mark'd, and virtues little known  
Were as those stars whose unobtrusive light  
Appears not till the glare of day is gone,  
But through the gloom and darkness of the night  
Disclose their countless glories to the sight.

"Ah, hapless sire and husband! thou wert spared  
That woe of woes, the knowledge of the fate  
By the dear partner of thy sorrows shared;  
Thou couldst not, and thou didst not guess the  
fate

Of foes so deadly, so insatiate.  
Oh! hadst thou seen her in her last distress,  
When not alone deprived of queenly state,  
But widow'd, left of children, comfortless,  
In the Conciergerie's abhor'd recess—

"Or mark'd the secrets of the prison room,  
Where the young heir of Bourbon's princely line,  
That bud of early promise, ere its bloom  
Was rudely crush'd by ruffian hands malign,  
Or left in hopeless atrophy to pine  
Of the heart's sore disease, that day by day  
Stole on with wasting sap to undermine  
Health's roseate glow, and childhood's spirits gay,  
And wore the blighted springs of life away.

"It was enough thy own dark pilgrimage  
Must close in blood—in mercy from thine eyes  
Kind heav'n conceal'd the future's troubled page,—  
Thy wife's, thy son's, thy sister's destinies  
Were veil'd from thee, and in thy parting sighs,  
When sternly call'd from that pale group to sever,  
Thou whisper'dst hope that happier days would  
rise

For them, though thou again shouldst view them  
never,  
And breath'dst in those fond words, farewell for  
ever!"

*Narrative of the Expedition to China, from  
the Commencement of the War to the  
Present Period; with Sketches of the Manners  
and Customs of that singular and hitherto  
almost unknown Country. By Commander  
J. Elliot Bingham, R.N. Colburn.*

For a work illustrative of the manners,  
customs, and institutions of the Chinese,  
we cannot recommend a better to our  
readers. The events which the author re-  
lates are all of recent occurrence, and most  
of them, we presume, came under his own  
observation. Each article is written with  
terseness, and a good vein of humour runs  
through the volumes. The following is a  
description of

A CHINESE DANDY.

"This mandarin was one of the finest  
specimens of a man I had till then seen in  
China. He stood about six feet two or  
three inches, and was apparently stout in  
proportion. He wore the winter cap, the  
crown of which was of a puce-coloured  
satin, shaped to, and fitting close to the  
head, with a brim of black velvet turned  
sharply up all round, the front and hinder  
parts rising rather higher than the sides,—  
in fact, in shape much resembling the paper  
boats we make for children. On the dome-  
shaped top of this he wore a white crystal  
sexangular button, in a handsome setting.  
Beneath this was a one-eyed peacock's  
feather falling down between his shoulders.  
This feather was set in green jade-stone  
about two inches long, beyond which about  
ten inches of the feather projected, and  
though apparently but one, is, in fact,

formed of several most beautifully united. His *ma-kwa*, or riding-coat, was a fine blue camlet, the large sleeves of which extended about half down the fore-arm, and the skirts nearly to the hip. Under this he wore a richly-figured blue silk jacket, the sleeves equally large, but reaching nearly to the wrist, and the skirts sufficiently long to display the full beauty of it below the *ma-kwa*. These loose dresses always fold over the right breast, and are fastened from top to bottom with loops and buttons. His *unwhisperables* were of a tight blue figured Nankin crape, cut much in the modern Greek style, being immediately below the knee tucked into the black satin mandarin boots, that in shape much resemble the old hessian, once so common in this country, with soles some two inches thick, the sides of which were kept nicely white, Warren's jet not yet having been introduced. To this part of his dress a Chinese dandy pays as much attention as our exquisites do to the formation of a 'Humby.' The figure was completed by his apparently warlike, but really peaceable implements, which no respectable Chinaman would be seen without—viz., the fan, with its highly-worked sheath; the purse or tobacco-pouch, in the exquisite embroidery of which great ingenuity is displayed; a variety of silver tooth and ear-picks, with a pocket for his watch; the belt to which these are attached having a small leather case fixed to it, to contain his flint and steel. I had nearly forgotten his tail,—his beautiful tail, the pride of every Chinaman's heart,—and in this case, if all his own, he might well be proud of it. I am afraid to say how thick it was, but it reached half way down his leg, and I would defy Rowland's Macassar to give a finer gloss. In short, he was the very epitome of a dandy Chinese cavalry officer."

Another article, not less interesting, may, with judiciousness, be transferred to our columns, as it will help our readers to form an idea of the work, which, from the subject that it embraces, will, no doubt, become popular.

#### A PRETTY GIRL OF SIXTEEN.

"During our stay at this anchorage, we made constant trips to the surrounding islands; in one of which—at Tea Island—we had a good opportunity of minutely examining the far-famed little female feet. I had been purchasing a pretty little pair of satin shoes for about half a dollar, at one of the Chinese farmers' houses, where we were surrounded by several men, women, and children. By signs we expressed a wish to see the *piet mignon* of a really good-looking woman of the party. Our signs were quickly understood, but, probably, from her being a matron, it was not considered quite *comme il faut* for her to comply with our

desire, as she would not consent to shew us her foot; but a very pretty interesting girl of about sixteen was placed on a stool for the purpose of gratifying our curiosity. At first she was very bashful, and appeared not to like exposing her Cinderella-like slipper; but the shine of a new and very bright 'loopee' soon overcame her delicacy, when she commenced unwinding the upper bandage which passes round the leg, and over a tongue that comes up from the heel. The shoe was then removed, and the second bandage taken off, which did duty for a stocking; the turns round the toes and ankles being very tight, and keeping all in place. On the naked foot being exposed to view, we were agreeably surprised by finding it delicately white and clean, for we fully expected to have found it otherwise, from the known habits of most of the Chinese. The leg from the knee downwards was much wasted; the foot appeared as if broken up at the instep, while the four small toes were bent flat and pressed down under the foot, the great toe only being allowed to retain its natural position. By the breaking of the instep a high arch is formed between the heel and the toe, enabling the individual to step with them on an even surface, in this respect materially differing from the Canton and Macao ladies; for with them the instep is not interfered with, but a very high heel is substituted, thus bringing the point of the great toe to the ground. When our Canton comrade was shewn a Chusan shoe, the exclamation was 'He yaw! how can walkee so fashion?' nor would he be convinced that such was the case. The toes, doubled under the foot I have been describing, could only be moved by the hand sufficiently to show that they were not actually grown into the foot. I have often been astonished at seeing how well the women contrive to walk on their tiny *pedestals*. Their gait is not unlike the little mincing walk of the French ladies; they were constantly to be seen going about without the aid of any stick, and I have often seen them at Macao contending against a fresh breeze with a tolerably good-sized umbrella spread. The little children, as they scrambled away before us, balanced themselves with their arms extended, and reminded one much of an old hen between walking and flying. All the women I saw about Chusan had small feet. It is a general characteristic of true Chinese descent; and there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that it is confined to the higher orders, though it may be true that they take more pains to compress the foot to the smallest possible dimensions than the lower classes do. High and low, rich and poor, all more or less follow the custom; and when you see a large or natural-sized foot, you may depend

upon it the possessor is not of true Chinese blood, but is either of Tartar extraction, or belongs to the tribes that live and have their being on the waters. The Tartar ladies, however, are falling into this Chinese habit of distortion, as the accompanying edict of the emperor proves. For know, good people, you must not dress as you like in China. You must follow the customs and habits of your ancestors, and wear your winter and summer clothing as the emperor, or one of the six boards, shall direct. If this were the custom in England, how beneficial it would be to our pockets, and detrimental to the tailors and milliners. Let us now see what the emperor says about little feet, on finding that they were coming into vogue among the undeformed daughters of the Manchows. Not only does he attack the little feet, but the large Chinese sleeves which were creeping into fashion at court. Therefore, to check these misdemeanors, the usual Chinese remedy was resorted to, and a flaming edict launched, denouncing them; threatening the 'heads of the families with degradation and punishment if they did not put a stop to such gross illegalities;' and his celestial majesty further goes on and tells the fair ones, 'that by persisting in their vulgar habits, they will debar themselves from the possibility of being selected as ladies of honour for the inner palace, at the approaching presentation!' How far this had the desired effect I cannot say. When the children begin to grow, they suffer excruciating pain, but as they advance in years, their vanity is played upon by being assured that they would be exceedingly ugly with large feet. Thus they are persuaded to put up with what they consider a necessary evil; but the children are remarkably patient under pain. A poor little child, about five years old, was brought to our surgeon, having been most dreadfully scalded, part of its dress adhering to the skin. During the painful operation of removing the linen, it only now and then said 'he-yaw, he-yaw.'

### Miscellaneous.

#### TOM POPPLETON'S WEDDING.

"It is no use talking; I will be married, and that soon. I've courted long enough now; so if you wont have me, I'll go right away to Nancy Green, and put the question to her at once; she'll not refuse me, I know."

Such, and other similar expressions, were the last words of Thomas Poppleton, as he sat behind him the gate of a very pretty garden belonging to the house in which lived Kate Pollard, and walked down the lane to the village, to all appearance in no

very good humour. In fact, he had experienced that which has often ruffled the temper of wiser, and perhaps better men than Tom; for he had now completed a three years' courtship, and, to all appearance, was just as far off the mark as when he began; and he had then been for the twentieth time giving his coy damsel notice, that if "the day" was not fixed on his next arrival, she might look out for a rival; and, to say the truth, few maids in the village would have held such an offer so long in dalliance, for Tom was a steady young man, and had been for some two or three years doing well as a cabinet-maker and carpenter.

Kate Pollard's father was the principal blacksmith of the village; his wife had long been dead, and Kate was his housekeeper. He was a very good sort of a man, whose only failing was a rather too strong attachment to the oft-renewed contents of a mottled jug, which might generally be found, either just filled or just emptied, on a shelf in his smithy, and an equal attachment to similar contents of smaller measures in the tap-room of the Durham Ox, where he might generally be found in an evening, after the hours of labour, and where he was regularly and duly acknowledged as an individual of no small importance, in all matters appertaining to the economy of his trade, and of still greater knowledge in all the existing abuses in church, state, and commerce. But it must not be by this surmised that Daniel Pollard, the father of pretty Kate, was a man addicted to the vice of intemperance—by no means. The bulk of his person, and the heat and fatigue to which he was subject from the nature of his business, rendered him perfectly proof against any such consequences from his daily potations, extensive as they might be; and if he sometimes overstepped the bounds of regularity in the evening, we must not blame the love of liquor, but the apathy of the company in which he had spent the evening to the national prosperity; for, after an evening of warm patriotism, Daniel invariably walked home quite sober, although the landlord had replenished his glass as often as on other occasions; while on the nights when political feeling was dormant, and harmony or gossip took its place, we are constrained to acknowledge that the effects of Daniel's potations were generally visible before he retired home. This circumstance might be attributed, in some degree, to the heat of patriotic feeling; but the real cause was the sly abstraction of his drink by his neighbours on one elbow, when he was in the heat of argument with those on the other. It was therefore to the state of public feeling that Daniel was chiefly indebted to the clearness or muddiness of his intellect on the succeeding morning.

But for Kate, pretty Kate!—what shall we say about her? This is a question much easier asked than answered; for so many pretty girls have been already described in all manner of ways, that it is somewhat difficult to hit a line of description not previously occupied. Kate was, however, really pretty; she was acknowledged the belle of the village; she consequently had admirers in abundance; and a still greater homage was paid to her beauty, by her being the object of caustic criticism for all the ladies of the neighbourhood, who had attained the age usually denominated "certain," though why it should have that appellation is difficult to say, since it appears that the certainty of a husband, the great polar star in such matters, is every day diminishing; and we suppose that when a lady has made certain of this acquisition, the certainty of her age immediately ceases. But to return to Kate—she was what Burns calls "a sweet souse lass;" and, as she looked through the window of her father's cottage, she might fairly be said to put the roses that circled it to the blush; and this might probably be the reason that, of all the village, the finest roses were to be seen in that garden. A little rivalry does wonders—and why not among flowers as well as other things?

But to tell the whole truth—and in matters of such import we dare not tell less, whatever liberty we may take in adding a little more—Kate resembled her roses in more particulars than the bloom on their leaves; roses have sharp thorns—a prickly set of sentinels to keep off intruders; and so had Kate Polard; and this Tom Poppleton had ample opportunities of knowing, during the three years he had been her professed admirer; and he had so often experienced their power, that he had frequently made a resolution "to cut her altogether," or, in drawing-room scrap-book phraseology, to "tear himself from her for ever;" which resolution was always zealously kept for about twenty hours, at the expiration of which time since their last interview, he had again to pass the blacksmith's cottage in his way from his work; when the resolve generally gave way at sight of the roses, especially if Kate was among them, trimming or watering them, which she often had to do just at that time; and it was at one of these interviews, when Tom had felt the thorn, but only seen the rose, that the resolution was declared, as registered in the first paragraph of this history.

On the Sunday morning succeeding this interview, Kate was prevented from going to church, as she generally did, by reason of her father getting up so very late to his breakfast; for songs and dominoes had been the order of the preceding evening, instead of politics, when, as she was looking at the folks coming away from church, and criti-

cising the newest display of fashions, a busy little neighbour, with a white frock and pink ribbons, looked at her through the roses and said, "Ha, Kate, you warn't at church; you should have been there; what d'ye think? Tom Poppleton was asked to Nancy Green!" Having administered this comforting piece of intelligence, the busy little neighbour ran on to tell it to somebody else; and Kate sat down; and in five minutes her cheeks were in the same condition as her roses used to be after a heavy shower of rain.

The next week Kate saw no Tom Poppleton; but on Sunday he was again asked to Nancy Green; still he found not his way to the blacksmith's. And on the next Sunday he was asked the third time; and on the evening of that day he knocked at the door of Daniel's cottage.

"I have come for the last, the very last time, just to ask if you will have me or not; I have but five minutes to spare; so be quick with your answer."

"Nancy Green!" replied Kate.

"True," said Tom, "we are asked, but not married; say you but the word, and I'll have you in spite of all the Nancy Greens in England. And more than that, we'll be married by licence; say the word, I'll get a licence to-morrow, and we'll be married on Tuesday, and no Nancy Green shall hinder us."

"A licence!" said Kate.

Tom Poppleton had but five minutes to spare; but at the end of three hours, as Daniel came home quite sober, for there was an adjourned debate then in progress he was whispering something to Kate in the doorway, to which Kate said—"Yes."

On Monday evening Tom was again at the cottage, and Daniel refused to listen to the arguments of the butcher at the Durham Ox, in reply to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, because he had "a barrel of real strong to tap at home," and he "wanted to be up by cock-crow in the morning."

On that morning a party was seen winding along the path that led to the church; among whom might be distinguished Tom Poppleton, Daniel and Kate; on their arrival at the church, another party were also there, the chief of whom appeared to be Nancy Green; and from a profusion of pink and white ribbons, and new coats with white buttons, and very, very white gowns, it was evident that both parties were bent on the same errand. Daniel looked amazed; and Kate seemed as if she would have sank; while a busy-looking little body in Nancy Green's party, whose frock looked the cleanest white, and whose ribbons were the brightest pink in the assembly, burst into a loud laugh, but which was instantly checked by the consideration of the impropriety of such a demeanour in church.



Seeing the embarrassment in which all parties stood, Tom Poppleton at last gave an explanation, by begging leave to introduce his bride, Kate Pollard, to his cousin, who bore the same name as himself—Tom Poppleton, and who had recently returned from America, and had been "asked" for the last three Sundays to Nancy Green. This relation's arrival he had purposely kept a secret from his coy Kate, in order to accomplish, by a little stratagem, what he had been for three years trying to do by fair play. The entrance of the clergyman at the moment this discovery was made, put a stop to numerous exclamations of surprise and delight which this declaration would have produced. However, Tom had just time to observe that though the ladies had like to have been formidable rivals, he hoped neither of them would ever have cause to regret the double ceremony which honoured the day of Tom Poppleton's Wedding.—*General Advertiser.*

#### PARALLEL BETWEEN MILTON AND TASSO.

THREE poets, says Dryden, have, in different ages, adorned England, Italy, and Greece: he might have added a fourth; I mean, Tasso, who was, perhaps, as great an ornament to modern as Virgil to ancient Italy. The partisans of antiquity will doubtless look upon this assertion as bordering upon extravagance; and those who, blindly prejudiced, look upon an undiscerning zeal for the authors who have been born in their own country as a species of patriotism, will probably arraign my judgment, and charge me with a singular mode of thinking, for presuming to compare Milton with Tasso. I am led to imagine, however, that such an accusation will not appear just; for though Mr. Addison and Monsieur Boileau have agreed to speak of Tasso in degrading terms, he was, perhaps, one of the greatest poets the world ever produced, and did not always substitute the *clinquant*, or tinsel of fancy, in the room of pure nature and true poetry. This bold and unfair censure has, we may be assured, prevented many readers from looking into the "Gierusalemme Liberata," and deprived them of an entertainment of the most exquisite kind, supposing them to have a true poetical relish. In this respect, as well as in many others, our great Milton resembled Tasso. It is well known that his incomparable poem, "Paradise Lost," lay for a long time neglected; and was scarce known, even to the studious, till Lord Somers opened the eyes of the public, and shewed them how great a treasure they had, ignorantly, possessed. I shall not dwell upon circumstances in the private

lives of these two poets, though they furnish much matter for a parallel. I shall consider them entirely as authors; and in this point of view, they are the only two writers that can be compared. Since the "Iliad" and "Æneid," there have been but two poems written which can come into competition with them, or lay any just claim to the title of epic poems. Trissino, indeed, who wrote the "Italia Liberata du Gots"—Italy delivered from the Goths,—was prior in time to Tasso; and Ariosto, some years afterwards, wrote a poem; but though it abounds with astonishing beauties, it can no more be considered as an epic poem than "Don Quixote" can be regarded as a true history. The poems, then, of Tasso and Milton are the only modern compositions which can be looked upon as legitimate models in the epic way. To decide the superiority, as to conduct and invention, is difficult; in one respect, however, the Italian seems to have the advantage over the Englishman. His hero, Godfrey, comes off triumphant at the conclusion of the poem; whereas Milton's hero is baffled by the common enemy of mankind. It must be acknowledged, also, that Milton, who wrote after Tasso, has copied many passages from him. A speech made by Satan to the infernal crew, in the fourth book of the "Gierusalemme," appears to have furnished the hint of many speeches in "Paradise Lost;" and the description of Gabriel, who is sent by the Almighty as a messenger to Godfrey, has been very minutely copied by our poet in his description of the angels. Both Milton and Tasso have admirably succeeded in this species of poetical painting, which requires great fertility of imagination, as the objects which it has to represent can be delineated only by invention, and have no archetypes in nature.

The following animated description will shew us that Tasso, who was born in a country which produced so many eminent painters, possessed a picturesque fancy in as high a degree as the most skilful artist; and that the fancy of the poet represents objects in as lively a manner as the pencil of the painter.

"Gabriel s'accinse

Veloce ad essequir l'imposte cose;  
La sua forma invisibil d'aria cinse,  
Ed al senso mortal la sottopose:  
Humane membra, aspetto human si finse:  
Ma di celeste maestà il compose,  
Tra giovane e fanciullo età confinse  
Pressé, e tornò di raggi il blondo crine.

"Alli bianche vesti c'han d'or le cime  
Infaticabilmente agili, e preste:  
Fendi i venti, e le nubi, e v'è sublime  
Soura la terra, e soura il mar con questa," &c.  
B. I., St. 13, 14.

"The angel swift himself prepared  
To execute the charge imposed aright;  
In form of airy members fair embarr'd,  
His spirits pure were subject to our sight;

Like to a man in show and shape he fared,  
But full of heavenly majesty and might;  
A stripling seem'd he, thrice five winters old,  
And radiant beams adorn'd his locks of gold.

"Of silver wings he took a shining pair,  
Fringed with gold; unwearied, nimble, swift;  
With these he part'd the clouds, the air,  
And over seas and air himself doth lift," &c.

FAIRFAX.

The above passage is so truly poetical, that the spirit of Tasso cannot totally evaporate in the following literal translation of it:

"Gabriel prepared with speed to execute his commission. He enveloped his invisible form with air, and exposed it to the view of mortals. He counterfeited limbs and a human face; but the face he assumed discovered celestial majesty. His age appeared to be a medium between childhood and youth, and his white hair was adorned with rays of light. His wings, which were surprisingly agile and swift, glittered with gold; with these he cut the winds and the clouds—and with these he flies over sea and land, elevated aloft in the air."

The reader, by comparing this with some descriptions in "Paradise Lost," will perceive that Milton has frequently copied Tasso: he has copied him, indeed, too much, for he has copied him in his extravagances. The Enchanted Forest seems to have given birth to the Pandemonium, the Limbs of Vanity, and the strange metamorphosis of the devils into serpents. But if Milton has followed Tasso in the fantastical and extravagant, he has greatly surpassed him in the sublime and pathetic. Of this the reader will be convinced, if he gives himself the trouble to compare the episode of Rinaldo and Armida with the scenes that passed between Adam and Eve after they have eaten of the forbidden fruit. How much he surpasses him in the sublime will appear from comparing Tasso's description of sieges and battles with the battles of the angels in the sixth book of Milton. In the "Jerusalem," however, there are some scenes which shew the author to have been possessed of a most lively and picturesque imagination. There cannot be a more striking passage than that where Solyma is, by the magician Ismeno, introduced to Aladin and his council by a subterraneous path; and the speeches made upon this occasion are equal to those made by Milton's demons, though he has in *them* displayed an eloquence not inferior to that of Demosthenes or Cicero.

Milton's description of the garden of Eden is, doubtless, a master-piece of poetry; but Tasso's description of the garden and palace of Armida is not inferior to it; he has therein displayed a luxuriance of fancy almost equal to Homer's beautiful episode of the "Cestus." All the epic poets since Homer and Virgil have copied them in one particular—I mean, in that of giving their

hero a genealogical account of his posterity. Nothing can afford greater scope to a poetical imagination. The enthusiasm of the poet and the painter has here an ample field to range in; and it is but doing justice to our countryman to own, that he has in this particular greatly exceeded Tasso. That beautiful episode in which the angel Gabriel shews Adam all that was to befall his posterity, is one of the finest pieces of descriptive poetry extant, and must be acknowledged vastly superior to that passage in the "Jerusalem" where the magician shews Rinaldo the fate of all his descendants delineated upon a shield.

I shall conclude this comparison by observing that it is hard to decide where the preference is due, when superior genius is displayed on both sides; but this I may venture to affirm, that though Tasso was the first who distinguished himself in epic poetry amongst the moderns, Milton has, upon the whole, so far exceeded him, and all other epic poets, that Dr. Barrow's eulogium may be applied without (much) exaggeration:

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graji;  
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus—  
Hæc quicunque legat tantum cecinisse patabit,  
Maecidem ranae, Virgilium culices."

EARL OF ORREERY AND CORKE.

#### A BALL AT THE COURT OF RUSSIA.

WE extract from the *Journal de Frankfort* the following details which an eye-witness gives of a ball at the court of Russia:—"Immediately after my presentation to the Emperor and Empress of Russia, I had the honour of being present at a magnificent ball, which shewed the court in all its splendour. On such occasions no civil costume is admitted. Every one is in uniform; and the variety of dresses gives a splendid character to the scene. Imagine gigantic rooms, lit up by thousands of wax-lights, an assemblage of more than 1500 persons, women admirably beautiful, whose exquisite dresses add to their beauty, and you will suppose yourself in a fairy scene. The emperor opens the court balls with a *Polonaise*, dancing at first with the empress, then with the Princesses of the Imperial Family, and next with the ladies of the highest nobility, or the handsomest. At the court of Russia, beauty has the privilege of the *entrée*, and causes birth to be forgotten. The empress loves to collect round her the handsomest faces; and it is not rare to see the young daughters of functionaries, of a fortune and rank altogether secondary, become ladies of honour to the empress, thanks to their beauty and agreeable appearance. When the emperor has danced a certain number of *Polonaises*,

French quadrilles and mazurkas are taken up, all concluding with cotillons. The empress formerly was exceedingly fond of dancing, and excelled in the art, but at present she rarely does more than figure in a quadrille, or take a turn or two in a waltz. At twelve o'clock the guests repaired to the marble hall, and the Imperial family took their seats at a table apart; the others placing themselves at tables arranged in groups about the Imperial one. The emperor supped in the winter garden, and admitted to his supper-table only a few chosen persons. This winter garden, ornamented with palm-trees and magnificent orange-trees, forms a charming contrast with the supper-room, resplendent with tapers. The half light with which it was lit up, the little birds, who, frightened by the noise, sent forth from time to time a few short notes, and the perfume from the flowers, appeared to me to be the triumph of civilization over darkness, and produced in me the effect of an enchanted palace. I had next me a little man, full of spirits, and obliging, who laughed at the ecstasy into which these wonders threw me. The table was loaded with silver plate; there was before me a vase, weighing, it was said, 200 kilogrammes, in which a man could hide himself. I learnt from my neighbour that this magnificent silver service came from the Empress Elizabeth, and, after having been for a length of time shut up in cases, had been discovered two years before in the marble palace. The supper, which was composed of hot dishes, was served by a crowd of footmen, and some Moors amongst them were remarked for their strange and original costume."

### The Gatherer.

*Woman's Love.*—Women generally love less for youth, beauty, or fortune, than for fame, especially the higher minded portion of the sex, and this proves the purity of their affections; for what, after all, can be the object of true love, but mind—the high and noble mind—which attests itself by the loud voice of fame, and the reluctant evidence of envious mankind? A noble spirited woman, in the prime of youth and the morning of beauty—whom will she choose? on whom bestow her affections? Not on the gay youth of her own age, priding himself, like another lady, on his smooth face and flexible form. She will turn away from the fair brow without a laurel, and the delicate hands that reaped no harvest from the field of honour, and place her heart in the custody of him whose vigour and energy of thought have given him a place amongst the great of the world.—*W.P.*

*The Origin of Cards.*—It is generally believed that cards were invented for the amusement of one of the early kings of the line of Bourbons; but this belief is erroneous. Who the man was that invented these instruments of amusement is not known, neither can we tell in what age they were first invented. Our knowledge is limited to the country whence they came—namely, Egypt. The colours are two, red and black, which answer to the two Equinoxes. The suits are four, answering to the four seasons. The emblems formerly were, and still are in Spain—for the Heart, a cup, the emblem of winter; the Spade, an acorn, the emblem of autumn; the Club, a trefoil, the emblem of summer; the Diamond, a rose, the emblem of spring. The twelve court cards answer to the twelve months, and were formerly depicted as the signs of the zodiac. The fifty-two cards answer to the number of weeks in a year; the thirteen cards in each suite, to the number of weeks in a lunar quarter. The aggregate of the pipe, calculated in the following manner, amount to the number of days in a year:—

The number in each suite ..... 55  
4

The number of all the suites.... 220

The court cards multiplied by 10 150

The number of court cards .... 12

The number in each suite ..... 13

345 days.

*Quizzing a Quaker and Catching a Tart.*—Friend Aminadab was in from the country, and called at a book-store where he wished to make some purchases. He had on a full suit of home-made drab, and the identical broad-brim that had sheltered his head and shoulders from sun and storm for the last five years. He could not exactly find the book he wanted, and was perhaps a little troublesome. So at least thought the salesman—a pert youngster in starch and backram. "You are from the country, are you not, sir?" asked he, a little impudently. "Yes." "Well, here's an essay on the rearing of calves." "That," says Aminadab, as he turned to leave the store, "thee had better present to thy mother."

*Truth.*—There is a passage in Tillotson that should be perused by all those notorious for what is called "drawing the long bow." He observes that "Truth is always consistent with itself and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good."

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